Pal. H'es a villaine then.
Per. Theſe are men.
Arcite. No, never Duke: Tis worſe to me than begging
To take my life ſo baſely, though I thinke
I never ſhall enjoy her, yet ile preſerve
The honour of affection, and dye for her,
Make death a Devill.
Theſ. What may be done? for now I feele compaſſion.
Per. Let it not fall agen Sir.
Theſ. Say *Emilia*
If one of them were dead, as one muſt, are you
Content to take th'other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet ſpoke of; looke upon'em,
And if you can love, end this difference,
I give conſent, are you content too Princes?
Both. With all our ſoules.
Theſ. He that ſhe refuſes
Muſt dye then.
Both. Any death thou canſt invent Duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And Lovers yet unborne ſhall bleſſe my aſhes.
Arc. If ſhe refuſe me, yet my grave will wed me,
And Souldiers ſing my Epitaph.
Theſ. Make choice then.
Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent
For me, a hayre ſhall never fall of theſe men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Theſ. Thus I ordaine it,
And by mine honor, once againe it ſtands,
Or both ſhall dye. You ſhall both to your Countrey,
And each within this moneth accompanied
With three faire Knights, appeare againe in this place,
In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether
Before us that are here, can force his Coſen
By fayre and knightly ſtrength to touch the Pillar,
He ſhall enjoy her: the other looſe his head,

And all his friends; Nor ſhall he grudge to fall,
Nor thinke he dies with intereſt in this Lady:
Will this content yee?
Pal. Yes there Coſen *Arcite*
I am friends againe, till that howre.
Arc. I embrace ye.
Theſ. Are you content Siſter?
Emil, Yes, I muſt Sir,
Els both miſcarry.
Theſ. Come ſhake hands againe then,
And take heede, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell
Sleepe till the howre prefixt, and hold your courſe.
Pal. We dare not faile thee *Theſeus.*
Theſ. Come, Ile give ye
Now uſage like to Princes, and to Friends:
When ye returne, who wins, Ile ſettle heere,
Who looſes, yet Ile weepe upon his Beere. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor, and his friend.*

Iailor. Heare you no more, was nothing ſaide of me
Concerning the eſcape of *Palamon?*
Good Sir remember.
1. *Fr.* Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the buſines
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: For *Hipolita,*
And faire-eyd *Emilie,* upon their knees
Begd with ſuch handſom pitty, that the Duke
Me thought ſtood ſtaggering, whether he ſhould follow
His raſh o'th, or the ſweet compaſſion
Of thoſe two Ladies; and to ſecond them,
That truely noble Prince *Perithous*
Halfe his owne heart, ſet in too, that I hope
All ſhall be well: Neither heard I one queſtion